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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—*AGRICOLA.*

For The Oxford Democrat.

Attention to Growing Crops.

Crops are most benefited by cultivation during their early stages. Weeds can then be most easily eradicated and the soil stirred, without injury to the roots of plants which it is wished to preserve. Thoroughly to eradicate the plants of some weeds, to which one prolific parent will give birth, is a matter of no small trouble and expense. The increase of some species of noxious weeds, is almost beyond conception, and when permitted to mature their seeds on soils under cultivation, and well fitted for their support, they are a great evil, and a source of no small trouble and annoyance to the farmer, to say nothing of the injury they inflict upon his crop.

The farmer should bear in mind that every weed which grows in his soil, takes for its support more or less of the elements which are required for the perfection of the crops which he cultivates. Hence it should be an established rule to give crops the undivided possession of the soil from the time of their germination till they have reached maturity. It is an excellent plan, therefore, to go over the cultivated fields and lands late in autumn and eradicate every weed that can be found.

In the management of potatoes and Indian corn, the use of the hoe can be dispensed with, to a great degree, if proper implements are used instead. A neglect to substitute horse labor for manual labor, in this section of the country, is one reason why the expense of cultivating corn and other food crops is greater here than in other sections. In many instances, two-thirds of the labor now bestowed with the hoe might be saved, with no loss, and in some cases even with advantage to the crop.

It is not enough that farmers avail themselves of all the advantages which chemistry affords in its application to their art; it is not enough that they learn how to save and apply their manure to the best advantage, or at what seasons and to what depth their soils should be cultivated. They must perform as many operations of the farm by machinery as machinery can be made to perform to advantage.

By machinery we mean all mechanical contrivances which, combined with animal labor, may be substituted for manual labor, and a more powerful operator with it, so as greatly to increase its productiveness. If one man cultivated as much corn, and cultivated it well, with one horse attached to the cultivator, as another cultivates with five horses in the hands of five men, the horse earns the net product of five men's labor for the employer.

So in various other operations of the farm, machines can do the work for a small percentage of the cost of manual labor.

On loose, sandy and gravelly soils it is necessary to stir the surface only while crops are growing, if proper care has been taken in the preparation of the soil before planting. A light sharp-toothed harrow might be used here to advantage. It would destroy almost every weed, as it might be safely be run close to the young plants. But in tenacious soils, that are liable to become too consolidated to afford the most favorable bed for growing crops, it is necessary to use some implement that will loosen the soil to a depth sufficient to counteract this tendency to compactness, and by its frequent use break up the hard crust or prevent it from forming.

After crops have reached a large size, it would not be safe to stir the soil to as great a depth in cleaning them from weeds as in their former cultivation. To cut off the roots of the corn by the plow, after the plant has tasseled out, is injurious, especially if done in a dry time. All deep cultivation should be done while crops are comparatively small.

FRYE, JR.

Spare the Birds.

Meeting Dr. Kennicut the other day at that Paradise of birds where neither cat nor boy dare intrude—Professor Kirtland's garden—I was tempted to remind him of his plan for the birds in the Prairie Farmer.

It has been said by one of our most learned writers, that insects annually destroy crops, in these United States, of the value of at least twenty millions of dollars, and this estimate is believed to be far below the reality, and except our hope of relief through meteorological or elemental influences, we have scarce any dependence for checking the increase of the countless swarms of destructive insects save the birds, and the few predaceous insects themselves; and these latter we are full apt to sacrifice to our ignorance, as we are the birds in our mistaken prejudice.

That most of our small birds feed largely on insects, is beyond dispute; and that just about in proportion to the decrease of birds has been the increase of our insect enemies, many have asserted, and those best informed fully believe.

In evidence of this let us watch a pair of our smallest and most sociable and confiding birds—the common wren—and see how often and how loaded with insect carcasses they arrive at the nest. See, too, the heavy burden of worms which the blackbird, following the furrow, bears to his greedy offspring. And, yet, on some silly pretence, you suffer your boys to break up the nest of the chattering, and you remorsefully down

the poor blackbird, because, forsooth, he helps himself to a little corn, when you have neglected turning up grubs for him; and that, too, when he has preserved a hundred times the value, and many more times the quantity his pressing wants have made him appropriate.

We have little or nothing to say against shooting the wild pigeon; he visits the farm with an evident felonious purpose. The winged hawk eat small birds as well as mice, and we therefore leave them to their fate. The cedar bird is very annoying in cherry time, and a few charges of small shot may not be out of place in giving them notice to quit. The red-headed woodpecker, the blue-jay, and even that gentle warbler, the robin, have occasionally vexed us beyond bearing by their petty thefts in the fruit garden and orchard, and we have been tempted to treat them unjustly. For though these birds love all fruits in their season and out, and the two former greatly delight in scooping out the inside of the tenderest apples, and yet we have fully satisfied ourselves that these birds do earn their wages—ten times over. And we have not the least question, from actual experience, that if the former will set the plow agog, the moment his corn is up, the blackbird will follow the new furrow, and gather up heaps of noxious grubs, instead of following the corn row, to pull for the soft kernel at the base of the plant, and which is by no means so desirable a blackbird delicacy as would be a juicy cut-worm, or a large fat grub—the larvae of some dangerous insect.

It has been admitted by practical farmers that it will pay well to set a man to work to collect the cut-worms in the hills of corn; and it must certainly pay to employ men to destroy rose bugs, caterpillars, borers, curculios, etc., in the garden and orchard. In fact, if we dispense with birds, hand-picking is our only alternative in most cases. And will any one venture to say that a few nests of birds will not prove more efficient than the labors of a man, and come much cheaper, too? Nature has given the bird perfect facilities in connection with this insect killing vocation, never equalled by man; and then the bird labors for his own family's sustenance, and works with a will as well as an "instinct."

There is no mistake about it; birds are the horticulturalist's best friend, and he can better dispense with the labors of animals than he can spare the help of birds—and to the farmer they are equally necessary and much less annoying.

And yet birds are still wantonly destroyed, or are victims to our ignorance of their worth, and prejudice against some of their venal acts. There have even been laws enacted for their destruction within our time; and our Pilgrim fathers, we believe, exacted a tax of so many birds heads of every citizen. And to this day the most useful birds die as did the Salem witches, the victims of a delusion, or a prejudice made powerful by time and old custom.

It is very easy to secure the services of birds; plenty of low trees, thick shrubs, hedges, etc., but really the least objectionable will readily appear only when you construct houses for them; such are the martins, swallows, blue-birds, wrens, etc., and these are among the most useful of our birds.

There is yet another aspect in which to view this subject—in connection with the grace and beauty of the feathered tribe, their social and confiding habits, conjugal fidelity and care for their young, and many more amiable traits, from which man might well take lessons while enjoying their delightful society.

Spare the birds, good friends, and provide fitting homes for them, and grudge them not a morsel of food from the stores they help to save from insect enemies.

We copy the above from the Atlantic, published at Middletown Point, New Jersey.

The first law passed by a state legislature for the protection of birds, was that enacted by the State of New Jersey, since which time, many other States have passed similar laws; but while other legislatures are viewed as unworthy the commendation of the farmer, the shooter of small birds is permitted to offend these laws, scarcely without notice. The thief who steals your shovel or axe, if detected, is sent to prison, while the law-breaking bird who is sinning equally against the laws of God and man, by killing small birds, calls himself a Sportsman, and is permitted to pursue his cruel amusement without being interfered with.

Laws cease to be useful when not respected; and until the farmers with one accord will see the law applied to these food-harvesting marauders, the country at large will continue to pay a tax probably as great as the total earnings of this bird-killing industry.

In England, France, and elsewhere, gunners are abridged in number, by being required to purchase a license for even shooting birds on their own grounds, or those of friends permitting them to do so. No such thing is seen there as a strolling gunner shooting small birds.

On the arrival of these foreigners here, however, they imagine they have the right of shooting where they please, and our agriculturalists are apt to permit them to do so.

Nothing is more common in our neighborhood than to see gunners dressed in a uniform, comprising shooting jacket, buttons ornamented with foxes heads, birds claws, etc., etc., carrying a game bag in which is placed chipping birds, wrens, and any other small birds which may venture to come near enough the public roads to be within their reach.

We have no mercy on such fellows, and whenever their names can be ascertained, shall endeavor to see the law enforced.

It only requires a little action on the part

of the land, to rid themselves of the annoyance of these bird-killers.

[Working Farmer.]

The Art of Painting.

The following recipes, prepared by a practical painter, have been sold for a dollar. We give them to our readers, taken from the Due West Telescope:

1. *To Oil Paint.*—In boiling oil, never fill your kettle more than two-thirds, or it may run over and take fire. Place your kettle on the coals, simmer your oil till it will scorch a feather, when it will be fit for use.

2. *To Grind Paint.*—Put your paint on a large flat stone, with a smooth face, wet your paint with oil, and grind until fine; be careful to grind fine, or there will be a waste of the paint, and your work will not look well.

3. *A Mixture for Drying Paint.*—Take 8 ounces of red lead, 8 ounces of litharge, 4 ounces of amber; make fine, put them into a gallon of oil; simmer together one hour, then strain, pour in one pint of spirits of turpentine. Add one gill to one quart of paint to make it dry fast.

4. *Painting on Wood.*—In any kind of painting, your paint must be of the proper consistency, your wood clean and smooth, and you must have a proper brush, or you cannot do good work. It is as necessary that a painter have good tools as any other mechanic, to enable him to make a good job. I have seen houses and other things spoiled with poor brushes.

5. *To Paint a House White.*—Mix four quarts of linseed oil with one keg of white-lead thoroughly. Commence at the top and paint six or eight boards at once through, using great care to lay the paint even and smooth. In putting on three coats, make the second the thickest, adding a little Prussian blue to the last coat, to make the white more clear. Be careful not to use too much blue; and you must putty all the holes and cracks before the last coat is applied.

6. *Cream Color.*—Add finely ground chrome yellow to paint white, (see No. 5.) a little at a time till the shade pleases you. You must add yellow every coat to have a good finish.

7. *Lead Color.*—Add finely ground lamp-black to white paint, (No. 5.) till the color suits you.

8. *Blue Paint.*—Prepare a sufficient quantity of white paint, then add finely ground Prussian blue in oil. Add a little at a time, until the color is light or dark as you may want the shade.

9. *Black.*—In preparing black paint, grind lamp-black in oil; and as black dries slowly, you should add two ounces of litharge to every pint of paint. Always use boiled oil for black, to give it a body.

10. *Verdigris Green.*—Wrap verdigris in cabbage or other large leaves, and place it on the hearth, over which scatter cold ashes, then cover with coals; let it roast one hour, remove, and then cold grind in oil. This is not so apt to fade as other green, and is used for white work.

11. *Common Green.*—This is composed of nearly equal quantities of Prussian blue and chrome yellow. It must be ground very fine in oil. The shade may be varied with white-lead.

12. *Another Green.*—You may purchase patent green ready for grinding, which is beautiful if genuine; to be ground as other paint.

13. *Stone Color.*—Burn umber in an iron plate until it is of a reddish cast. No color looks better for a room if well put on.

14. *Stone Color of a Beautiful Green Shade.*—Add to white paint, sufficient to make a light drab; then green enough to make a green shade.

15. *Orange Color.*—Combine white-lead with chrome yellow in the proper proportion to make a bright straw color, then add red lead to tinge it to an orange.

16. *Straw Color.*—Number 15 makes a straw color by leaving out the red lead.

17. *Dark Stone Color.*—Add umber to light red color, (see No. 7.) till the color suits.

18. *Blossom Color.*—To white paint add red or Venetian red, till the color pleases. Red lead is the best.

19. *Flesh Color.*—To white paint add chrome yellow enough to change its shade, then some red lead, and a very small quantity of black, till the color suits.

20. *Best Copal Varnish.*—Reduce two lbs. of gum copal to fine powder and pour it into a copper kettle that will hold three or four gallons, and melt it over a fire of charcoal. When the gum is dissolved, add one pint and a half of hot flax-seed oil, stirring removed the gum from off the fire, stirring smartly while adding the oil. When it is partly cool, add slowly three quarts of spirits of turpentine, still stirring. Care must be taken that the contents of the kettle are not too hot nor too cold while adding the turpentine; if too hot it will take fire; if too cool it will not mix well. Strain whilst warm.

21. *Carriage Varnish.*—Manage your copal as directed in No. 20. Use five parts of hot oil that will scorch a feather, add one quart of turpentine, and proceed as in No. 20. This varnish will not crack.

22. *Gum Shellac Varnish.*—Put two lbs. of Shellac gum into two quarts of spirits of wine and shake occasionally; and when it is dissolved it will be fit for use. This will not stand exposure; it will dry in a few minutes, and answers for ceilings.

23. *Varnish to Render Paper Transparent.*—Heat two gills of spirits of turpentine in an earthen vessel; when hot add two ounces of rosin, and stir until dissolved. Varnish both sides of your paper with one coat, and when dry, it will be clear enough to read through. Lay this paper on a picture and mark the outlines, then cut it out, and paint through the hole. In this manner you may paint any figure you may desire.

A Candid Mind.

There is nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candor. It was called *whiteness* by the ancients, for its purity and beauty; and it has always had the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However little sought for or practiced, all do it the homage of their praise, and all feel the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinion makes the deepest mark upon his fellows; whose influence is most lasting and efficient; whose friendship is instinctively sought, where all others have proved faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candor and ingenuous truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits that have higher places in the world's code of honor, but none wear better or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deeper homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to virtue. As it is the most beautiful, so it is the safest of moral virtues. None fall into a few mistakes—none darken and deform themselves with so little falsehood and wrong—none so free from the pain of doing wrong as those who walk amid the pitfalls and miasms, passions and errors, of our tainted life, clothed habitually with candor. The rare and comely union of prudence and principle, of firmness and forbearance, of truth and zeal, of earnestness of feeling, and discrimination of view, is to be found only in minds pervaded and enlarged by candor. To love, and to seek in all things, the truth—to choose before all the solicitations of passion, or the power of prejudice, or the force of public opinion, or the claims of interest or power, whatever is right or true; to believe at every juncture of experience or thought, that nothing is so good or desirable, or trustworthy as truth; to see the truth amid all the unpopular disguises which too often disguise it in this world—this must be safest and best, whatever we may think of it, if God really reigns, and there be an eternal distinction between Truth and Falsehood, Right and Wrong. In nothing have men so vital an interest as in truth. Nothing should we so earnestly strive to get, or hold fast when obtained.

"Buy the truth, and sell it not."

[Green Leaves.]

THE LOVE OF HOME. It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinctions origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

It remains still intact. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I have to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!

[Webster.]

TO MAKE GLEE FROM OLD LEATHER. J. H. Johnson, of London, has obtained a patent for preparing old leather scraps to render them fit to be made into glue. The leather is first chopped into small pieces and thoroughly washed, then placed in vats where it is digested with a potash or soda. It is taken out, after a few hours, and subjected to pressure, and again immersed in a stronger alkaline solution for some hours, which processes remove all the tannic acid. It is now taken out and washed well with water, and submitted to a steep of a very weak sulphuric acid for twenty-four hours, to remove all the coloring matter. This being accomplished, it is again submitted to a weak alkaline solution of the carbonate of soda, then washed in water, and is fit to be made into glue by the common process.

HOOD ON HYDROPATHY. It has been our good fortune, since, reading Coleridge on hydrophobia, to see a sick drake avail itself of the "cold water cure," at the dispensary in St. James Park. First, wading in, he took a "Foss bad," then he took a "Sitz bad," and then, turning his curly tail he took a "Koph bad." Lastly, he rose all most upright on his latter end, and made such a triumphant flapping with his wings that we really expected he was going to shout "Priusnitz forever!" But no such thing. He only said "Quack! quack! quack!"

The agricultural department of the Jeffersonian suggests that chestnut horses should be fed on horse-chestnuts.

MISCELLANY.

THE CULPRIT JUDGE.

A Tale of the Bench and Bar.

In one of the Western States I was once a prosecuting attorney. The settler's axe was then familiar music, and the prairie away from the woodland had not yet heard the scream of the steam whistle. All branches of society, of trade, and business, were in a transition state. Of course the judges were not men of vast learning or of rare character; and lest I appear vain, I may now add, that the lawyers were by no means Chief Justice Taney's!

The Judge who traveled circuit with us in the counties round about the city of— had been in early life a horse-jockey, and had picked up a large amount of tact knowledge of men, and human nature, and of social motives that was of much use to him in his legal walk. At the time he had been a member of the first Constitutional Convention of our State, and, being a good talker and a quick natural intellect, had shone in the debates. Of course it was natural, that as he made the law, he should be able to expound it. And at the first election after the state was admitted, he was chosen Judge.

I never liked him. With all his affability and apparent deference of manner, there was in his composition an under strain of cunning that I suspected and became wary of. When I was chosen people's solicitor he sought my confidence, but I repelled it, and, except in court, we were little together. Many times on the civil side he had given a favorable charge on facts, or acquiesced in many laws when I felt that I was wrong. Nor could I fathom why he thus sought to get the winning side of me.

I suspected him of knavery. When prisoners were convicted, and he had the discretion of punishment, his sentences were oddly inconsistent. He fined when he should have imprisoned, and confined when a nominal punishment would have answered the justice of the case. But I could never get any clue, and with the populace he was regarded as a man of rare integrity and firmness of mind.

One night at the inn in the little village of Washington, where a week's court was to be held, I went to my "boarded off" bed room for an afternoon nap, and was soon fast asleep. I was awakened by confused murmurs, that after I was thoroughly aroused, I perceived to come from the adjoining room; one appropriated to Judge C—.

"He is committing his Grand Jury charge," said I to myself, when I heard a strange voice say, "The hoodie is most used up of the old stripe."

Now "hoodie" is a flash term used by counterfeiters, and it instantly attracted my "prosecuting" attention. As I sat upon the side of the bed a ray of light came through a chink of the boarded partition. As a man of honor would have forbidden a "peep," as an officer of the law prudence commanded it. So drawing noiselessly to the wall, or the boarded separation, I looked through a crack and saw Judge C— seated at the table with a sinister looking man who wore a pair of remarkable black whiskers; and the two were counting quite a pile of new bills. I listened, but not another word was spoken for some time. I saw the money divided into three piles, and the Judge placed one in his pocket, the whiskered man took the other, and then drawing off his boot, divided the third pile between each boot in the inside of it, and then again he placed them on his feet. Next the judge said, "Be careful and send it to the proper place." His sinister companion gave a meaning smile; he shook hands; the stranger left the room cautiously, and the judge then sat down to his papers. I continued to look for several minutes, but he appeared to be absorbed in his duties, when just as I was quitting my point of observation, he arose, and taking out his roll of bills placed them up the chimney! and then continued his reading.

I must say my blood ran cold, for a grave suspicion had often crossed my mind that he was a rascal; but I never suspected him of being concerned with the drovers, trappers and traders, who occasionally made bad money their commodity. Nor, as I sat collecting my thoughts could I conceive it possible, when I remembered how severe he had always been upon the passers of counterfeit money and how earnestly and solemnly he always in his charges in such cases declaimed against the enormity of offenders who substituted a spurious currency for a good. I therefore concluded the word "hoodie" and the suspicious "boot stuffing" must relate to some other kind of offense, connected with which I now felt assured he must be.

Stealthily going out, I carefully descended the stairs and entered the bar-room. The heavy whiskered man was seated at a table reading a Cincinnati paper as calm as if it were the Methodist minister of the riding. I sat down and pulled out a law paper pretended to read, but I was glancing over the top at the stranger. His eye did not wander from a particular point of the paper nor did the sheet after several minutes turn; I therefore concluded that he was not reading but reflecting. I endeavored to catch his eye, but could not. I next thought of trying the demeanor of the Judge; so making in my mind some excuse relating to my official duties, I again went upstairs and knocked at his door. His pleasant voice in an unembarrassed tone, cried, "Walk in." I entered. After getting through my excuses and business, I said in a careless tone, "What have you been doing all the afternoon, Judge?" He answered just as carelessly, "Going through my charge and a decision or two I have to

make to-morrow. As yet I have not seen one since I arrived."

The last lie was an unnecessary one, as I knew its falsity, for he needed not to have asserted the fact—an immaterial one. This, therefore, the more confirmed my suspicions because I had found these immaterial assertions to be always made by witnesses when they are committing perjury, just as cowards whistle to keep up their courage.

We continued chatting until the bell rang for tea, but not a tone nor an act betrayed that the Judge was troubled or uneasy. We went down stairs together and began our meal. The whiskered stranger sat opposite, but he and the Judge were to each other as if they had never met. One or two civilities passed between them, but they were accompanied with freezing politeness, somewhat unusual in our Western way of life. All this satisfied me there was something out of the way, and I resolved while at the table to furnish myself with some evidence. I finished the meal first, and went up stairs into the Judge's room, and groping into the chimney in the dark felt for a loose brick, found it, and discovered a roll of paper. I took off one or two pieces, and replaced the remainder hastily and left the room.

Nothing more occurred that night worth relating, but the next day in Court I found on the calendar the case of a man who had been indicted some months before for counterfeiting and had been out on bail.

"What does this mean?" I asked of the clerk.

"I did not authorize the trial nor am I prepared with witnesses."

"Judge C— ordered it on last term for this day," answered the clerk, "and produced your request."

"My request," stammered I.

"Yes; and here it is," and he handed me a piece of paper bearing in my writing the words, "Give Judge C— his request." I remembered now that I saw it, that I had written the paper, but could not recall the apparently trivial circumstance which had prompted it.

Just then Judge C— entered and Court business began. The case in question being called, I arose to postpone it on the ground of not being prepared.

A stranger arose from among the lawyers and said he was counsel for the prisoner, and had come from Cincinnati to try the case, at much trouble and, as he understood been ordered for that day. The counsel was the black whiskered companion of the Judge!

The latter, with a bland smile, and dipping his pen in ink ready for a memorandum, asked, "What is your name, sir?" I was so astonished at this cool impudence that I did not hear the answer, but proceeded to deny any understanding, and to charge that it was some trick.

My opponent warily rejoined, and moved if the case was not tried, that his client be discharged from bail. This was giving him liberty to run if he pleased, and I opposed his motion. My adversary again rejoined and to my utter astonishment Judge C— ordered the clerk to cancel the bailbond.

At this juncture I sat down amidst the titillations of my brethren, who were ready enough to laugh at W— being caught napping as they phrased it. While I was meditating my wrath and my revenge, the clerk announced that the panel of Grand Jurors was now complete, and they were ready for business. Judge C— arose to address them. He was as cool and placid as the morning itself.

"Oh you hypocrite!" I muttered through my teeth, as the black whiskered counsel—and confederate, as I fully knew him to be—slyly sneered at me and drew his chair close to the Bench in an attitude of deferential listening.

The charge was an elaborate one. It was an essay on crime and its enormities, and seemed dramatically worked up. Its adjuration to the Grand Jury to fearlessly investigate were very pathetic. Its encomiums on virtue were touchingly true.

Scarcely had the Jury retired than in my capacity as prosecuting officer, I followed the members to their chamber. To the formal question, "What was their first business?" I answered, "To investigate a charge of malfeasance in office against the Judge."

The foreman and his fellows looked at each other in astonishment. Finally one of them said with a smile, "Take care, brother W—, that your professional devilry does not get you into trouble."

I replied by telling my story, and narrating all the suspicious circumstances of the past twenty-four hours; and concluded by requesting that the black whiskered counsel be called and examined. Amidst the astonished silence of the Grand Inquest, the constable in attendance went after and returned with the stranger.

He entered easily and unabashed, saying as he took a chair, "I am told you desire me to be a witness!"

"Perhaps, culprit!" I exclaimed, in passion, entirely losing my control. And then, not heeding the hand of the foreman on my shoulder in restraint, I said to the constable who had lingered at the door: "Take off his boots!"

The stranger made two bounds, and was at the window which led into the garden of jail. But the grip of the constable caught him securely. In an instant one of the jurors took his arm and another his leg, and before any one had time to speak, the boots were off, and two rolls of bills on the floor.

The firmness and presence of mind of the prisoner forsook him; he trembled in every muscle; and as I whispered to him "Villain, not even your friend Judge C— can save you," he turned ghastly pale.

He was seated on a chair.

"Is it good money or bad?" said the

foreman, breaking the dull silence that had succeeded the struggle.

"Am I a witness, or am I accused?" he stammered, looking toward me.

"Witness," said I, "if you will tell all you know about Judge C—, who is far better game than you."

"I know—nothing—about Judge C—," he stammered; "I never saw him until this day."

"Liar!" I shouted, forgetting my official dignity in my rage at his falsehood, "last night you and he were together exchanging money, and in his presence you concealed your 'hoodie' in your boots."

Immediately he stood up in an attitude of defiance—then sat down—half rose again; turned red, and then pale; while huge drops of sweat stood on his face.

He saw he was by some means cornered; and in a moment, recovering himself, answered, "I will be a witness—the king is guiltier than I."

I have not space for his story; but its amount was, that long before the Judge removed to the West they had been confederates at the East in circulating counterfeit money while horsejockeying. They were connected with a well organized and secret band. The leaders were the manufacturers and bankers of the "hoodie." Middlemen bought it and dispensed it to the underlings who purchased it at a discount of fifty cents, to pass it off at par. As fast as the last counterfeit was discovered, a new one was made. Judge C—, while upon the bench, was able to be as moral and severe as he pleased with the underling classes, who never knew the haunts and ways and companionship of those above them. But the man whose trial was for that day, and for whom Judge C— had interceded, happened to be one of the upper class, and hence the necessity of the action.

"It is time now to see to the Judge!" said I, turning to the Grand Jurymen, who were petrified at the tale they had just heard.

No one answered.

"I will go and prepare him for your action," I next said; "for to indict him in his own court, while he is on the bench, will be a scandal upon justice."

As I entered the the court-room he was announcing the noon recess. There was a little room off, containing a few law books and hither I followed him.

"Judge," said I—and my voice trembled like the voice of a man under severe agony, so terribly was I wrought up by the excitement of the morning's accusation and confession; "Judge, I have very, very bad news for you!"

"For me?" said he, with the utmost nonchalance, notwithstanding the peculiarity and mystery of my manner.

"Yes, for you; the Cincinnati lawyer has told all," I shook out rather than spoke.

He still smiled. It was awful to see his hypocrisy and calmness of demeanor, and for a moment I knew not what to say. Then taking from my vest pocket two of the bills unrolled from his chimney deposit, I held them before him and said, "He has told about these; and I

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Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR,

LOT M. MORRILL,
OF AUGUSTA.

The Hessians in Council.

On Wednesday last, the "Hessian" corps of the black democracy of Maine held a grand demonstration at Augusta, at which one Manassah H. Smith was re-nominated for Governor, to be again run down in September next. This Convention was respectable in point of numbers, but sadly wanting in almost every other respect. About six hundred delegates were present, at least five hundred of whom it is estimated, were the paid "janitors" of the most corrupt national administration that ever disgraced a civilized people.

It was emphatically a gathering of office-holders, a gathering of the emissaries of James Buchanan's dynasty—a gathering of Hessian adventurers, who serve their party for the sake of the plunder. It was made up of Custom-House officers, Post Masters, tide waiters, and others, who live by keeping their fingers in the National Treasury, and their noses in the public crib. There was one Moses McDonald, who, after his vote for the Nebraska swindle, was, as a matter of policy, kept off the public stage some year or two, until the party was so far run into the ground as to be in no danger of further damage; he is let out and permitted to run at large, and Rob. Burns of the Eastport Custom-House, and "Dud" Leavitt, of Bangor, and John H. Kennedy, of Waldo, and Treat, of Waldo, and a host of others, who live by hanging round our Custom Houses, acting "aids to the revenue," &c. Then, there was Shapley, the District Attorney, and Kimball, the Marshall, and Wyman B. S. Moore, of Canada, with his pockets lined with "consular fees," and Virgil D. Paris, of New Hampshire, the man who watches over the slumbering deposits of "tar, pitch and turpentine," at Portsmouth, and Ben. Wiggin, who only a few short weeks ago fancied he had caught a "whale," but upon drawing in his line, found only a "gudgeon." To these should be added a host of Post Masters, all on hand, anxious to satisfy their overrears at Washington, that they are "sound on the grose." Such a group of paid stipendiaries never before assembled in Maine. Their patronage was just as they are their pockets, and their love of genuine, black democracy, commensurate with the amount of plunder within reach in the public crib.

This was most emphatically a meeting of the "Peter Funk" democracy—a gathering of the hard shells, and bunkers, trimmers and bladders of office, and an inordinate love of filthy lucre—not earned by the sweat of the brow, but filched from Uncle Sam's sub-treasury.

The Hessian democracy met for a fourfold purpose. 1st, To put themselves right upon the record. 2d, To crash out the Hessians in their own party. 3d, To place the whole party upon a rum cask. 4th, To "cut" the black Republicans generally, and we might add, 5th, to set up Manassah for a "figure head" to swear by in the coming contest. This seemed to be their object, and now we will see how well they accomplished their herculean task. First, in order to preserve caste, hold their office, and please their "overrears" at head-quarters, they knew they must swallow Leecompton, horns, tail, and hoofs, and make no ghostly faces doing it. They went through this interesting performance with great solemnity, each Hessian moistening his throat in order that it might be enlarged to its greatest extent, to avoid the dangers of "choking" under the somewhat painful operation.

Resolved, That the final adjustment of the differences among the Democratic members of Congress, in relation to the admission of Kansas into the Union, was a pacification in which there was known no North, no South, no East, no West, but a happy agreement upon differences of opinion in the spirit of brotherhood and patriotism.

Here is an unqualified endorsement of the Leecompton swindle, accompanied by a special laudation of the "English juggle." We fancy that the naturally smiling face of our quondam friend Pike, of the Age must have been drawn into hideous contortions when swallowing the nauseous dose, and that others of the "furlon hope" of Anti-Leecompton, must have looked equally piteous.

We always believed that Dan and his few faithful adherents who have followed the Leecompton car "alar off," would have either got down on their knees, and place their rebellious necks under the ponderous wheels of this modern juggernaut or be driven out of the camp. And so it has turned out. The Hessians have got them by the throat,

and they have the single alternative left, to "root or die." This endorsement of the Leecompton outrage, is simply labelling the office-holders upon their backs and foreheads, with this significant inscription, in letters of putty, RIGHT ON THE GOOSE. This badge will probet them from the threatening vengeance of the Nigger Drivers at Washington, and give them a "pass" to the treasury vaults.

The passage of this resolution put down as it seems all insubordination in the democratic fold. It made the place too hot for Anti-Leecompton rebels, and brought the noses of the whole drive to the grindstone. Tell Buchanan and the slave oligarchy the "rebels" in Maine are put down, their last gun spiked.

The Hessians, fully understanding that, having by their endorsement of Leecompton, placed themselves in full fellowship with the plantation republicans in South Carolina, the people would repudiate them upon all national issues, they next endeavor to conjure up a rum platform in order to fight the ensuing battle over a rum jug. This whole question of a liquor law was submitted to the direct vote of the people only a few weeks ago, and these unprincipled demagogues skulked and did not dare to vote at all, for two reasons. First, because they knew they would get whipped; and second, because they did not wish the question settled at all. The Republican party at its convention was willing to let the question rest where the people left it, but the Hessians sigh for another "John Robbins" farce,—for another contest over an issue that never should be carried into politics.

In order to make their base hypocrisy more conspicuous, they pass three or four "blarney" resolutions about the "graces and virtues of temperance," which mean nothing more nor less than an invitation to all wine-bibbers, rum-guzzlers and gutter-drunkards, to come and vote the Hessian ticket, and they shall have free run.

A political party that will thus pander to the appetites and passions of unfortunate men—that will break down all wholesome legal restraints upon the liquor traffic—that will by legal enactments establish grog shops and tipping houses and brothels, to curse every community in the State, merely for the sake of political power, must be a party forsaken of God and despised and pitied by all honorable men. But the Hessians, if they had any thing like common discernment, ought to know that the miserable game will not work. It will fall still-born to the ground, and only excite in the public mind mingled feelings of pity and disgust.

The fourth article in the programme was carried out with great gusto,—abuse and slander of the "Black Republicans." Their candidate, "Manassah," exhausted the whole vocabulary of vulgarity and blackguardism in abusing his political opponents, and so did the other speakers. The Hessians had also some resolutions to fit, full of demagoguism,—just such a stream of bombast and bravado as might be reasonably expected to flow from a regular Leecompton Convention.

The Hessians, evidently by way of a joke, passed a resolution endorsing "squatter sovereignty," and another which talks in lofty terms of the "integrity, ability and patriotism of James Buchanan." Heaven save the mark! This part of the performance must have drawn a smile across the sorry faces of these virtuous, moral reformers. Endorse Leecompton, and then talk about squatter sovereignty! how perfectly ridiculous. And then to talk about the "integrity and patriotism" of the old Hartford Convention Federalist, who sits in the Executive Chair, giving audience to freeters, nullifiers, slave-traders and disunionists, plunders and filibusters—how laughable and scandalous.

This convention was a conglomeration of the remnants of all political parties. There were found old hard shell bunkers, like Mr. Shepard Cary and Virgil D. Paris, old blue light federalists, like S. R. Lyman and John H. Kennedy,—renegade abolitionists, like Francis H. Whitman, of this County—old Wilmot Provision advocates, like Adams Treat,—fall-blinded Leecomptonites, like M. McDonald and Shapley, and Anti-Leecompton "exhorters" like Dan T. Pike.

Such a gathering of "blue spirits and grey," such a huddling together of different "stocks" never before was seen in Maine. Fortunate for the people that the race is not vigorous enough to be perpetuated.

REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MONROE. The remains of President Monroe have recently been removed to Richmond, Va., where they were placed in the Hollywood Cemetery, on the 5th inst. An address was delivered on the occasion, by Gov. Wise. The National Guard of New York accompanied the remains to Richmond.

RESIGNATION OF MR. LINCOLN. The Advertiser of the 7th, announces that Mr. Lincoln, who has held the post of superintendent of the Reform School, from the time it was established, has resigned his situation, and accepted the charge of one in the city of Baltimore. This decision on the part of Mr. Lincoln is a matter of regret to every well-wisher of this institution; and the more, as there can be no doubt that it might have been prevented, but for the illiberal spirit exhibited towards the institution by the Legislature. It will be a difficult matter to fill his place.

The daughter of Victoria, the princess Frederic William of Prussia, has recovered from the injury to her foot, but a Berlin newspaper hints that there is another reason for her not appearing in public. Then she is more modest than her mother, though like her in another respect.

Senator Sumner.

More than two years ago this distinguished orator and statesman, while sitting in the chair in the Senate chamber, was stricken down and well nigh brutally murdered by a cowardly paltrion from South Carolina. From this murderous attack he has not yet recovered. Under the advice of physicians he is now in Europe in search of what it is much feared he will never find—good health. All the circumstances taken into account, a more fiendish outrage never was committed. Black, base, and cruel as it was, to the shame of the nation, to the disgrace of civilization, a great political party not only acquiesced, but actually applauded the cowardly villain who committed the deed. They went far, they applauded the murderous act, and did every thing in their power to shield the murderer from merited punishment. And even now, after the victim of the slave power has suffered a thousand deaths, has to leave his home and his seat in the Senate and expatriate himself from his own country, to try and build up a constitution broken down by the hands of violence, nothing is more common than to find sneers, and jibes, and insinuations in the black democratic papers, relative to the sad condition of his health and the uncertainty of his ultimate recovery. A political party that will thus gloat over a tragedy like this, must be steeped in depravity to the very dregs.

Whether Senator Sumner will ever recover his wonted elasticity of spirits and lost health, is a question of serious solicitude among his numerous friends. When we first became acquainted with Mr. Sumner in Washington in the year of 1856, he was the very picture of health. Tall, robust and athletic, he was physically almost a giant. No giant mind was ever encased in a nobler material house. The last time we saw him, in March '57, a few days before the final adjournment of Congress, although more than nine months after the injury, he was in appearance an invalid. And how he has since lingered along almost between hope and despair, our readers well know. The vile hand that aimed the fatal blow has long since been palsied in death. The vengeance of High Heaven soon overtook the murderer, (for which God be praised,) and he suddenly went to his last account. The venerable "Uncle," who with such zeal and fury defended the criminal and the crime, has too long gone to the spirit world by the fiat of the Almighty. To the venerable, but kind hearted Evans who, to oblige his South Carolina friends, pronounced the eulogy upon the death of Brooks, in the Senate chamber, has been summoned away from the scenes of earth. Senator Sumner "yet lives," (thank God for that,) and if he never so far recovers his shattered health and palsied energies as again to sit in the high legislative body from which he has been driven by a murderous, blood-thirsty slave oligarchy, to use his own language, "let his vacant chair speak." Let the American citizen, as he enters the Senate chamber, as he gazes upon its granite pillars, its gaudy tapestry, its gorgeous curtain robes, cast one long and earnest look upon that "vacant chair," once occupied by one of the purest men and most brilliant orators that ever shed glory upon the American name. While he gazes in mental silence, let him picture before his mind the tragedy that made that chair "vacant."

Yes, that "vacant chair" will long speak eloquently of the murderer, his bludgeon, and his victim. Its very "silence" will be more expressive than thunder tones. If the eyes of the stranger are turned from the "vacant chair," let them rest not upon Preston S. Brooks, (for his palliated foot no longer treads those aisles,) but upon some of those who conspired with him to trample blood freedom of speech, and murder in thought upon the highest seats in the American Senate, fancy, if you can, that this is the nineteenth century, the boasted land of freedom, the model Republic.

RE-NOMINATION OF GOV. MORRILL. We copy from the State of Maine the following comments upon the unanimous endorsement of Gov. Morrill, by the Republican State Convention:

"The unanimous re-nomination of Gov. Morrill by ballot, was certainly a most remarkable fact, because it is scarcely possible for any man, however wise, pure or just he may be, so to rise above the arduous and delicate duties of the office of Governor, as to avoid serious offence to his political friends,—or rather he cannot give office to all who think themselves worthy of it,—and therefore must expect that coolness or indifference will follow disappointment. But in the present case, no one among the five hundred men or more who voted, failed to accord to him the merit he so richly deserves for his prudence, fidelity and ability, qualities most suited to public position under our government. Such a state of facts is deserving of especial notice.

"The reason of this entire harmony in the support of Gov. Morrill, arises from the fact that he has simply done his duty and no more. He has not, like some of his predecessors, made use of his present position to forward his own ambitious purposes. On the contrary, he has so borne himself in the office of Governor, that those who are most jealous of him, fail to believe their own suggestions of his having ulterior purposes in view. We think the upright, sober minded men, among us of all parties, agree in this, and will support Mr. Morrill's administration."

PRAYER FOR PARDON. A petition was forwarded recently to the Hon. T. H. Hicks, Governor of Maryland, signed by 114 Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Black River Conference, asking for the pardon and release of the Rev. Samuel Greene, a colored preacher, who is now lying in the Penitentiary of that State, under a sentence of ten years' imprisonment, for having in his possession a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The following appointments have been made by the Governor for trustees of the Insane Hospital: Joseph Barrett, of Canaan, re-appointed. Alexander Burlbank, of Lewiston, in place of George Downes, of Calais, who declined a re-appointment.

Governor Morrill's Speech at Augusta.

The following abstract of the remarks made by Gov. Morrill at the Republican State convention is furnished by a reporter of the Boston Traveller:

"He embraced with alacrity the opportunity to meet the convention, and to tender his grateful acknowledgments for this renewed expression of their confidence. Not insensible to the elevation of his position, he accepted it, aware of its responsibilities. In the general purpose of the convention he expressed his hearty concurrence, and his purpose of cordial co-operation. I sympathize (said the Governor) with your sentiment of attachment to our beloved state and its interests, and your desire to make it that prosperous Commonwealth for which it is fitted, and shall always co-operate in all measures calculated to stimulate its industry and develop its resources. Never unmindful of our allegiance to the National confederacy, our immediate and most urgent duty is to the State. There can be no real independence so long as the State looks for favor or support from abroad—no substantial prosperity except from the people. The law of success with the States, as with men is self reliance. Agriculture, commerce, navigation, industrial arts—to develop and stimulate these, is to consult the highest interest of the State. I cannot forbear an expression of sympathy for that sentiment of devotion to the country, which is the foundation of the Republican party of the nation. Never was it a more imperative duty to see that in the great struggle for free labor against slavery, the influence of each State shall be on the right side. Whatever doubts have heretofore been felt as to the purposes of the government, there can be no doubt now that it has entered upon a career incompatible with the best hopes of the people and the welfare of the free States, whose fundamental element of progress is free, untrammelled, fully-compensated labor.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise the complexity of the Government in the efforts to plant slavery in Kansas, the dicta of the Federal Judges that the Constitution guarantees property in slaves, the declaration of the President that slavery exists in Kansas under the constitution, the efforts to force on the people of that Territory a constitution which they never framed or assented to—all show to what depths the government has descended, and how wide is its departure from the policy of the fathers of the country. While by the willingness of the Executive department slavery has been carried into Kansas, the opinion of the Supreme Court would carry it into the country at large, so that the practical question is whether there shall be servitude outside of the Slave States. The country began with the policy of limitation—now the policy is to give slavery free play. Once the country was united in limiting it; now it is divided. The slaveholders and slaveholding states, backed up by government, are for slavery; but the people, God be thanked, are opposed to it. Once it was national, patriotic, and at any rate constitutional, to limit slavery; now it is unpatriotic, sectional, and unconstitutional. For half a century no man doubted the power of Congress over the territories; every man held that slavery had no right outside the local law; now it is held that neither Congress nor people can stop its extension. Our glory once was in free and compensated labor; now it is maintained that free laborers are the "mud sills" of society, and that slavery is the corner stone of the Republic edifice. The government is fully committed to slavery extension, slavery by and under the constitution, and slavery above and triumphant over Congress and the people. And Leecompton is the test! Will patriotic and sensible men shut their eyes to the danger of such a wide departure from the original principles of the government, or will they unite to put down a policy which invests a barbarous institution with power and prerogatives above the people? I know the strength of party attachment; I honor as much as any man party fidelity, but dare any man insult high Heaven by saying that he will maintain party at the expense of right? Will any man deny that it is his duty to break the bonds of party, and trampling them under his feet, assume the attitude of an independent citizen? You find a party doing violence to the constitution, fostering a spirit of corruption and abuse, plunging into extravagance and rushing on to bankruptcy. What is the duty of the patriot? Supinely to acquiesce, or vote according to your conviction like men? It is obvious that the free states must unite for the preservation of the constitution and Union, as well as for their own dearest rights. Slavery has got bodily possession of the government. It controls legislation. It not only tyrannizes over Kansas, but enters the Senate and thank God we meet it there!—and with characteristic hatred of free laborers, hurls its thunderbolts against the fishermen. Then it proposes to repeal the navigation laws, and revive the American slave trade. So low has the government gone in the scale of demoralization that slavery now claims that the prospective inhibition of the slave trade was unjust, and I expect that when the question is submitted to the Federal Judges, they will declare it unconstitutional. So far has our degeneration progressed, that conventions are frequently held in the south, in which the best method of dissolving the Union is openly debated. When Henry Clay was asked how soon he would be ready for dissolution he replied—"Never, never, never!" But dissolution is now a common topic with a certain faction. Innumerable are the instances in which it has been threatened as the alternative, if the designs of the slaveholder should be resisted. It seems to me, however, that these threats are at last becoming ludicrous if not ridiculous. We are now threatened that if we do not hold our tongues, if we do not stop publishing tracts on the subject of slavery, the South will withdraw its contributions to the public charities and under the churches. Do we not all agree that this policy is pernicious and dangerous, and that the time has arrived when we must unite and resist it? This is the condition on which you and I can have an undivided country to love and to serve.

Maine has taken her ground and will not soon be driven out. In both houses of Congress she has distinguished herself in defence of her rights, and in the contest—there is no contest about it!—in the annual election of this year, she trusts that the cause will suffer no detriment by your neglect.

Resolutions Adopted by the Democratic Convention at Augusta, June 30th.

Resolved, That the Democratic party, with its half a century of complete upon known and fixed principles of action, has no necessity to change its name, disguise its principles, or to get up, by profession merely, a new-born zeal for human rights. Its past actions are the best guaranty for its future regard of the equal rights of all our citizens, in their persons, their property, and the pursuits of happiness.

Resolved, That we re-adopt and re-endorse the platform of the Cincinnati National Democratic Convention, and that experience fully satisfies us of the wisdom of leaving every organized community, whether Territory or State, to regulate its own affairs, in its own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, The final adjustment of the differences of opinion among the Democratic members of Congress, in relation to the admission of Kansas into the Union, was a pacification in which there was known no North, no South, no East, no West, but a happy agreement upon differences of opinion in the spirit of brotherhood and patriotism.

Resolved, That we have confidence in the integrity, ability and patriotism of the President of the United States—JAMES BUCHANAN—and that we approve of his administration, in the suppression of filibustering and the extreme South, in rebuking political clergymen in their disguised attempts to stir up sectional jealousies at the North; in quieting a quasi rebellion in Utah without the shedding of blood; in sustaining our national honor by promptly sending a naval force to punish acts of disrespect to our flag; in arraying itself against the importation of African or Asiatic apprentices—the slave trade in a new form—as now countenanced by the British Government; and in under the force of this example accepted to be revived in our own; in admitting the free State of Minnesota into the Union, and passing through the Senate a bill to add Oregon to the galaxy of free States, in spite of the opposition of the mis-called Republican Senators from Maine; in effecting salary economies in the public service, against competition in Government, and in the votes of the opposition members who desired to see waste in order that they might make outcry of extravagance; and in driving the Republican party, while making provisions for the admission of Kansas, to an abandonment of their sectional issues, and false-hearted professions for the re-nativeness of the Missouri Compromise, which has heretofore deceived and distracted the people.

Resolved, That the action of the Legislature of 1857, and the trucking action of the Legislature of 1858, on the question of regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, affords the fullest proof, that the temperance question is made by political opponents subservient to partisan and inferior considerations as in the first instance they acted under the dictates of the Governor, to subvert his personal ambition, and in the last under the threats of a would-be Reformer to magnify his personal importance.

As it is the glory of the Democracy to stand by principles and disregard men, we deem it proper to clearly define our position on the temperance question, therefore,

Resolved, That we adopt and re-affirm the declarations of a former Democratic Convention upon the question of regulating the sale of intoxicating drinks as follows:—1st, That while we have always recognized temperance as one of the leading graces of civilized life, and the practice of it as incumbent upon every citizen, we never failed to perceive that the care of it which is sincere, and the culture of it which is most effectual, are to be found, when men are acting in the sphere of their social and private responsibilities, rather than when influenced by political and party considerations, that with this conviction we have already resisted the efforts of leading men, now in power in this State, to prostitute the cause of temperance to party purposes; but our motives for so doing have been maligned and our efforts in that direction unavailing; that we therefore accept the political attitude on this moral question, which we are thus forced to occupy, and in demanding as a price for some essential modifications of the existing liquor laws—we do so with the conviction that we are true friends of sobriety and good order, and that those who uphold it as it stands, and in the fullest confidence that our position on this new question of party politics will meet the approval of the people.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors, and in favor of suitable laws regulating the sale thereof, but laws to be enacted and enforced, not based on the principles of the Constitution and Bill of Rights. Their provisions must harmonize with the sentiments of an enlightened people, their necessity must be shown by actual existing circumstances—their wisdom must be reflected by their practical operation. Being governed by these well considered principles and that we may meet the issue unshaken, we the undersigned have adopted the present prohibitory liquor law together with its rider, the new Nuisance Act, passed by the last Legislature.

Resolved, That (in the language of the Constitution) the people should be secure in their persons, houses and possessions, from all unreasonable searches and seizures, that all penalties and punishments should be proportioned to the offences. That excessive fines imposed—nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted, and regarding the above named laws as violative of these Constitutional Rights,—we demand their repeal, and we call upon the people at the next election, to choose a Legislature who will apply this remedy.

Resolved, That the people can have no confidence in a party which makes professions of regard for the dignity of the laboring men of the North, while in the same breath it protests that African slaves are their equals,—which extols the Declaration of Independence, while it arms with extreme powers the police of our towns and cities, for the control of the personal habits of the citizens and the destruction of private property,—which demands Free Territories while it votes against the admission of Free States,—which boasts of its regard for the Union, while it aims to combine the Free against the Slave States;—the Treason of the Hartford Convention,—which claims to be opposed to "Federal Supremacy," while it asserts the absolute power of Congress over the people of the Territories,—which charges the worst of principles upon political opponents, while openly avowing a disregard of differences, it invites all shades of opinion to unite together under the auspices of the State, and to combine which complains of extravagance in the General Government, while it makes waste and increases taxes in the State,—which charges the South with hostility, to our shipping, when they vote liberal appropriations for its benefit and furnish freight for its employment,—which impudently asserts that the Democracy are strengthened by the agitation of the States, and threatened by its only distinction as a party consists in the denunciation of the Slave States and of all northern men who maintain their equality,—which insults the intelligence of the people by the false assertion, that there is an express grant of power in the Constitution over the people of the Territories by reprobating the present administration for extravagance when it voted the appro-

priations and thereby directed the expenditures; by referring to alleged corruptions which have been purged by investigation and while its Members resigned to escape expulsion, and its Greeleys, its Weeds, its Ashmun and its Bankes, are complicated with the \$87,000 bribe for the reduction of the Tariff, thereby creating the necessity for a loan, which is now denounced as a dangerous national debt in time of peace, which talks about a State policy, but limits its enactments to the protection of woodpeckers, and inviting to violence under the color of abating nuisances,—which professes a desire for the settlement of our wild lands while it embarrases the right of suffrage by naturalized citizens, "a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only."

Resolved, That we have witnessed within the past few years, with mortification and regret, the rapid decay of the political power of our State in national councils, which is the inevitable consequence of the narrow and sectional spirit manifested by the Black Republican Senators and Representatives in congress, who whilst waging an unconstitutional and untruthful war upon the institutions of sister States, are impotent to protect the interests of our own; and if we would not speedily experience the utter extinction of that power which, until recently, made the wishes of the people of Maine the law of the Union in our duty to commit all those interests which depend upon national legislation to the hands of men of broad national views, whose just regard for the institutions and interests of other States will be the certain protection of those of our own.

PERSONAL. The New York Express thus speaks of Crammond Kennedy, the "boy preacher," mention of whom was made some time since by New York correspondents:

"He is one of the wonders of this metropolis, and gives promise of extraordinary eminence, if not broken down by premature effort, of which there is great fear, unless the councils of his more prudent friends are heeded. It seems impossible that a mere stripling of fifteen or sixteen, can long hold the ear of the public, after its poverty has passed away. To still present new sources of attraction, and satisfy public expectation would require an elasticity of imagination, a vigor of intellect, altogether unnatural in one so young. His appearance is decidedly prepossessing. His temperament is active, with an apparently strong constitution, denoting the basis of ultimate strength and endurance. There is no attempt at display in his address, which from a redundancy of language might be expected from him. He manifests great judgement in the arrangement of his discourses. Systematic in his method of presenting his thoughts, clear in his conception, distinct in his utterance, with unusual impressiveness in his delivery, his friends may be justly pardoned in their expectations of his future usefulness. Indeed it may be said of his public efforts even now, that they betray a breadth of conception not unworthy even of ministers of more than ordinary pretensions."

ANOTHER BEAR STORY. The Machias Republican tells a story of a named Day, of Wesley, who went into the woods to look after a bear trap, taking a gun loaded with ball, but having no spare ammunition. In his course through the woods he met a bear, who came up within twenty feet of him, and stopped and looked him in the face. The lad fired, and the bear fell wounded, but not killed. After unsuccessfully trying to finish him by punching sticks down his throat, he went home and brought his father to the spot. Two more bullets not sufficing to kill Bruin, he was dispatched with an axe. The bear is said to be a very large one.

THE PRINTER. Whoever feels disposed to throw a reproach or slur upon the printer let him read the following from the Peninsular (Ill.) Journal, in which we find a tribute to "the art preserver of arts":—"He is only a Printer." Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What is prince Frederick William, just married to the Princess Royal of England? He too is only a Printer. Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? He was only a Printer. What was G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gales, Charles Richardson, James Harper, Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Thiers, Douglas Jerrold, George D. Prentice, and Senators Dix, Cameron, Niles, and Bigler? They too were Printers. What was Benjamin Franklin? He also was a Printer. And last, what is James Buchanan who occupies the most enviable position on earth? Only a Printer?—Every one cannot be a Printer—brains are necessary.

LIGHTNING RODS. The Brunswick Telegraph records an instance, during the tempest of last week, where a house which was struck was saved by the use of Otis' Patent Lightning Rods. There were six rods on the buildings. The principal portion of the fluid passed down the rod in front of the house, tearing a hole in the ground some two inches in diameter and several feet deep—it was penetrated to a depth of four feet. A small portion of electricity passed down the rod on the back of the house, puncturing a small hole only in the ground. The rods were put up last summer and are the Otis' Lightning Rod, with Patent Insulators. The house belonged to Mr. Chas. S. Pennell, at Middle Bay.

ANOTHER GOVERNOR WORTH. A dispatch from Leavenworth, 28th Oct., says a well grounded report is in circulation to the effect that Gov. Denver intends to vacate the gubernatorial chair soon after the election in August.

DELAWARE COLLEGE. The Commencement of this institution occurred on Tuesday. A poem was delivered before the Athenaeum Society, by O. D. GROVER, of Bethel. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Mr. Grover.

Snow. A small patch of snow on the White Mountain range, may still be seen from this place. The Transcript states that a considerable quantity remained upon the Willey mountain a few days since.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Our Village.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you spare me a little corner of your paper in which to say a few words about "our village"? I know it is said that such local articles possess no interest to the general reader, but were I to judge others by myself I should say that such is not the case. For one I would like to see a portion of the paper every week devoted to little local sketches, descriptive of our rural homes and villages, then which there are none more beautiful and picturesque in all New England. And even if a little local pride is manifest in such delineations, I think it is excusable, for we all imagine that our own place, in some respects, excels others, and this pride and attachment to home is not only right but necessary in order that each and all may be contented. We also like to have others understand and appreciate the peculiar advantages of our situation.

"Our village" has had a more rapid growth than any other of the same size in the county, and in this particular most resembles the villages which spring up so rapidly in the west. Nine years ago there was but one house in this vicinity and that was surrounded by forest. A village here had never then been thought of. When the Railway was surveyed and located through this region it became necessary for the back towns of Rumford, Andover, Dixfield and others, to have a road to connect them therewith, and as this was nearest the road was built. A public house then became necessary for the accommodation of those who connect with the railway at this point, and around this as a nucleus the present village has been built. "Our village" now numbers nearly three hundred inhabitants, and is increasing.

Situated on the east shore of Bryant's Pond it is a direct communication by good roads with all the places of interest in the adjoining towns. On the opposite side of the pond Mount Christopher, a bold and densely wooded mountain, rears its head, forming a magnificent background for the picture, its dark green foliage contrasting beautifully with the polished surface of the pond and the neatly painted houses of the village. From the summit of this mountain, which is easily ascended, as it slopes towards the west, a fine view is had of the surrounding country. The pond abounds in a fine species of trout.

The public house in "our village" has lately been repaired and enlarged, and now affords a pleasant home for the traveller. Horses and carriages are furnished at short notice. A stage makes tri-weekly trips between this place and Andover and Dixfield. Southwest of the village stands the Universalist Church, situated in one of "God's first temples," a beautiful pine grove. This is a most charming retreat in which to spend the holy sabbath, and the sighing of the winds through the trees always induces meditation and prayer. At the Eastern extremity of the Baptist Chapel. The means of education have not been neglected here, for our citizens during the past year have erected a fine school house, pleasantly located on an elevation which overlooks the whole village, in which a high school is to be opened.

One serious drawback to our growth and prosperity is the want of a water power to propel machinery. But this misfortune is partly made up in our inexhaustible quarries of granite, which are now largely worked, and give employment to a large number of workmen. This granite is of a superior quality, of a uniform color, free from the salts of iron, and well adapted to building purposes. Mr. Ira Andrews, of Biddeford, the enterprising contractor for the masonry on the Grand Trunk Railway, is now taking out larger quantities for repairing and building bridges.

The people of this place, in clearing their lands, have adopted a plan indicative of good taste in the preservation of the original forest trees for ornamental purposes. The lots of Rev. R. Dunham and R. K. Dunham, more particularly the former, on the west side of the railway, are specimens of this practice. Their houses are protected from the hot summer sun, and their buildings and gardens from the cold blasts of winter. Elder Dunham has one of the finest flower gardens in the country, of which I propose to speak more at length at some future time.

There is one thing which our citizens have not taken hold of, and that is a public cemetery. But I am glad to say that the public mind has been of late directed to the subject, and I do not doubt that something will be done. There ought to be. Nothing speaks plainer and more emphatically for the intelligence and refinement of a people than a well-regulated and ornamental resting place for the faithful dead.

The old practice, so common in the country, of selecting the most barren places for burial grounds, of throwing up a rough fence, if fenced at all, and then allowing brambles and bushes to grow up in their own wild way is, to say the least, a very bad one. A fertile spot should be selected, partially covered with trees, and with a plain neat fence. Avenues should be graded and gravelled through it, and the land cultivated. And above all, flowers should be freely planted around the graves of the departed. How appropriate is the opening rose-bud, shedding its fragrance around the resting place of sleeping childhood; the locust, that speaks of buried affections; the weeping willow that mourns for friends long parted and the flowering almond whose language is "Hope" to the bereaved and comfort to the afflicted. By so doing, the grave-yard will not be a place to be shunned by youth, as is usually the case, but the bird-song in the trees and the perfumed breath of flowers will make it a place where we will delight to linger, and strive to grow better by sunning the views and emulating the virtues of those, while living, who sleep around him. By such association, death will in a great measure lose its terrors, and the soul will only look forward to that place.

"Where fadeless flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given."

We have a good natural location for a cemetery, and I doubt not our citizens will unite in making it what it should be. There are many other things which might be mentioned in connection with "our village," but I have

The aggregate vote upon the Liquor Law was as follows:

Prohibitory Law,	28,864
License Law,	5,912

The Daily Advertiser says that the votes of Paris were all returned for License. The actual vote was Prohibitory Law 260—License Law 6.

SAD RESULT OF IMPUDENT BATHING.—John Pond, aged 15 years, son of Mr. Charles Pond, died on Thursday morning at 1st. The immediate cause of young Pond's death was congestion of the lungs, but the primary cause was from bathing when heated, and remaining in the water too long. A week ago last Sabbath he was in the water nearly an hour; that night a swelling commenced on his neck, but he paid little or no attention to it, and was usual, going into the water when he pleased. Last Saturday afternoon he, with another boy, John Hubert, was in the water one hour and a half. Hubert's neck also swelled that night and in a day or two both found themselves seriously sick. Hubert was soon relieved, but Pond's case grew worse until he died. [Milford Journal.

CLUBBING.

The Publishers of The Oxford Democrat have sole arrangements to furnish to their subscribers, in connection with their journal, the following prices:

One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and the Atlantic Monthly, one year, for	3.50
One copy of The Oxford Democrat, and the Atlantic Monthly's Magazine, one year, for	3.50
One copy of The Oxford Democrat and Life Illustrated, for one year,	2.00
One Oxford Democrat and Phrenological Journal, one year,	1.50
One Oxford Democrat and Water Cure Journal, one year,	1.50
One Oxford Democrat and Portland Transcript one year,	2.00

Payment must be made in advance, in all cases.

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rueway, Dec. 1st, 1857. 44

CHARLES STONE,
orney and Counsellor at Law,
ford County, - - - Maine.
Special attention given to the collection of debts.
136f

HULL, late of Brownfield,
 County, deceased, by giving all as the
 County. Sh^t therefore requires all persons as the
 indebted to the estate of said deceased to make
 payment; and those who have any de-
 bt thereon, to exhibit the same to
 HULLMAN E. HILL,
 22
 Putty! Putty!!
 HULL, just tawnt at the
 SOUTH FARMS TANT STORE.
 Pure French Zinc!
 or sale by
 L. B. WEEKS,
 So. Fair.

and for the county of Oxford, on the
Tuesday of June, A. D. 1858.
WILLIAM SMITH, Administrator of the Estate
of ANTONIA SMITH, late of Norway, in said
county, deceased, having presented her first and
only account of administration of the estate of
said deceased for allowance.
Ordered, That the said Administratrix give
notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy
of it to be published three weeks success-
ively in The Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris,
may appear at a Probate Court to be held
in said county, on the third Tuesday
of August next, at 9 o'clock of the forenoon, and
that, if any they have, the same should
be allowed.
THOMAS H. BROWN, Judge.
In the copy—attest
DAVID KNAPP, Register.

